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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1915.

There are many avenues to success, but not one of them is without bumps.

Will Fight for Ballot in Three States TPHE woman suffrage amendment to the New York Constitution will be submitted to the voters of that State next November. similar amendment will be voted on in Pennsylvania, unless all signs fail, and in New Jersey also the capacity of women to take an intelligent part in the conduct of government will be put before the male electorate as a jury. So, in three of the greatest and richest of the Original Thirteen States votes for women will be the big issue of the fall

You can't make a man out of a woman, avers Henry Watterson, and he is right; but neither can you make a man out of a ballot. All men vote, but all who vote are not men. It is quite possible that a woman can decide whom she wants to represent her without losing any of her interest in the home and without defeminizing herself in any other way. As for mollycoddle voters, the woods are already full of them: better women who want to vote than men who can but won't.

Women in Western campaigns have shown an understanding of political method that has been amazing. There is a sweep to their plans for the Eastern fight that augurs success. That they have a genius for politics will be amply demonstrated.

The Pay Envelope Is Not Responsible "BILLY" SUNDAY got hold of a fundamental truth when he told the women of the Philomusian Club that the pay envelope ought not to be blamed for the evil done by men and women. But it is blamed. When s bank clerk defaults, and it is disclosed that he was getting \$1200 a year while handling millions, some shallow thinkers will ask, "What can be expected if the banks do not pay their clerks big salaries?" If they would think a little desper, or if they had memories, they would know that bank presidents, drawing large salaries, sometimes are defaulters also. They would know that there are big criminals and little criminals, according as opportunity offers Itself to the criminal instinct; but that honesty does not depend on the size of the salary.

Every one who goes wrong is willing to shift responsibility to some one else, and certain sociologists have made it popular lately to blame low wages when a girl lapses from virtue. O. Henry has a famous story on the subject that is as moving to the emotions as it is false in morals. Hundreds of surface emotionalists call it great. But the wrongdoor who examines his own heart must confees that he fell because he was weak. When the test came he was a broken reed, and the responsibility rests on his own head.

This is the kind of moral and political gospel to preach if there is to be any great up-

# Bungling by Amateurs

MR. WILSON'S address before the Cham-ber of Commerce of the United States Justified Doctor Eliot's famous remark that we are now governed by amateurs. When the antitrust bill was before Congress the President insisted that it be passed with those provisions in it to which experienced business men objected-hampering provisions, deliberately intended by the men who drafted them to tie the hands of business and prevent combinations formed in the interest of sconomy and efficiency. The warnings of the business men were unheeded and the bill is a law

And now the President tells an assembly of business men that the very law, which he was praising a few months ago as a charter of liberty for the small manufacturer, is defective because it will not permit a group of men to unite their forces in pushing the sale of their products in foreign countries. Of course it is defective and it should never have been passed.

The President has the good grace to admit that he is learning and that he had never before attended a school in which the opportunities for a liberal education were so broad as those in the White House. But if he has a scovered that business men who opposed his antitrust program were wiser than he, why does not he listen to the wisdom of the business men who now tell him that his shippurchase plan is worse than his antitrust law? He may be learning, but he has not yet learned enough.

# Farm Boys Are Needed in the City

DIGLAWARE farm boys can do much worse than come to Philadelphia to work as frolley car conductors and milihands, and in improvement in the rural schools of the Fiate would have little effect upon the migratien of the alert and ambitious to this city. Ter the Delawara Commissioner of Education has been bewalling the employment of the bays here instead of on the home farms. He singlet to know that labor goes where there is a demand for it, and he ought to be diplomaking any making any avidious comparisons between different coattens. A trolley car conductor is as ereny a cilizen as a man behind the plow, of a men running a machine in a mill is ened in the same kind of work as that which ins a man turning a grindstone in a

The Philadene Burn who have the energy I be seed to get out this the world and the top of the state of the post and tige materialities for advancement are the star of the form and top the best the law a close rives of the American summer

kinds of tollers are needed. The cities would become stagnant if it were not for the in fusion of fresh blood from the inexhaustible reservoirs of the country, and Delaware can fulfil its mission if it sends every year several hundred elert youth to thisicity. And its public school should be so conducted as to train the boys to held their own with the best when they do come here. The larger Philadelphia grows the better demand will there be for the products of the Delaware farms, and the annual migration to this city benefits both the folks who stay and those who go.

#### Beware the Hands of Esau

TT WOULD not be fair to accuse Pinance Committee of Councils, or Mr. John P. Connelly, the chairman of that body, or Mr. Charles Seger, who has introduced a resolution saking Director Taylor to furnish information which has been for months available in his official reports and has been shouted from housetops day after day, of betraying the interests of Philadelphia. For Finance Committee must needs walt on its chairman to be called together, and Mr. Connelly, as chairman, must needs wait for the Controller's report, and Mr. Seger must needs have time to find out what every intelligent citizen in town already knows.

There can be no March election now. There can be an April election and subway construction this summer, however, if the obstructionists quit obstructing. Mr. Connelly has the Controller's report. It may be assumed, therefore, that his conscientious scruples will not cause him further to hold Philadelphia back, to penalize the citizens and continue for an indefinite period the exchange ticket outrage. Mr. Seger, too, can get hold of Director Taylor's report at any time, and he and other Councilmen who have not heard of the transit plan, have a full two weeks in which to master its contents, for it is very simple and not at all intricate. So there is nothing in the way of favorable action for an April election, unless, of course, new bogeys are discovered and new excuses for thwarting the ambition of Philadelphia.

The people love to be fooled. The trickster tricks them over and over again and they rush to him with their votes just the same; but that is because the people are credulous. Once let them understand that they have been duped and their interests traded off; once let them see betrayal in its nakedness, and they crush to smithereens the man who has victimized them. There is a suspicion of trickery about now; any further delay and it will ripen into conviction.

Let there be no mistaking the facts. Citizens are offered a universal five-cent fare and quick transit between all parts of the city. At the end of 30 or 50 years the entire new system would belong absolutely to the city and not a dollar would be owed on it.

The dilatory attitude of Finance Committee means that thousands of citizens must be mulcted in the sum of six cents the day more than they ought to pay: that practically the entire population must waste precious minutes in going to and from work, hanging on straps; that Philadelphia must lag behind other great cities and do without modern fa-

The city is unanimously for rapid transit, except for a few gentlemen who apparently tee. These few men inside stand up against the hundreds of thousands outside who know what they want and intend to get it. It is an unequal fight. Sore-heads and hang-backs are invariably crushed. Anti-Philadelphians will do well to become pro-Philadelphians in a hurry. There is work to be done and the jugglers must get out of the way. The voters have asked for a chance to vote, and they intend to have it.

### American Traditions Upheld

THE margin of victory was narrow, as an-Lticipated, but the House yesterday upheld the President's veto of the immigration bill, with its constrictive literacy test. A snobbish policy at its best and a victous one at its worst, the spelling-book test will not become an American principle. The best of our traditions has been upheld and the door of opportunity is still open to men and women of character who wish to avail themselves

### Discovering Cornmeal

THE war in Europe is likely to teach the I Europeans the value of cornmeal as human food. The demand for it has already boosted the price of corn in the American markets, and is likely to boost it still higher. This is unfortunate for the domestic consumers of corn bread and boiled mush, but there will be compensations. After the war is over the Europeans who have eaten corn and found it good will continue to cat it, and the fields of waving corn on the American farms will be transformed into gold mines. The yellow kernels will glint with the real lustre

But even though commeal is dearer than it was a few weeks ago, it is still cheaper than wheat flour. Necessity may teach some Americans that they can reduce the cost of living, even now, by using more cornmeal. And that will be another form in which the compensation will manifest itself.

Seven Little Sisters and now Seven Little

One of the compensations of a snowstorm is that it provides work for the unemployed?

Eggs are so expensive that it takes two or three quarts of wheat to buy a dozen of them-

There is a real emergency when men are out of work and it requires real money to help them.

It is all right to wage war on Canada, but the United States is not a good place from which to do it.

When she has an art so perfect that you cannot tell it from nature, why should Emmy Destina seek to be naturalized?

That Russian girl who has been in 19 but-

#### ON THE BATTLE LINE OF RICH AND POOR

Both Sides Met Before a Commission. They Were Mother Jones and a Young Millionaire - The Original Closed Shop Discovered.

#### By VANCE THOMPSON

Day after day the battle went on. It was a soft, slow, unurgent fight, as though all men knew it began in the beginning of days and would go on to the end of days. There was no hurry, for this was the eternal battle between the Haves and the Want-to-Haves. And so men saluted each other courteously, as in a leisurely Hundred-Years' War, and put up their swords at noontide, and lunched and went at it again in the afternoon. But all the same it was

Will you look on for a moment? Possibly in this casual way you may get at the real significance of what is called (rather pompously) the United States Commission on industrial Relations.

It began, I believe, when Congress was petitioned to investigate the labor troubles of the Ironworkers. Before the slow-moving statesmen got their law passed that trouble had been dynamited into prison, so the commission was loosed upon an ampler investigation of labor and the men who labor. It went forth

#### To make an inquistion

Into their real condition, and find a remedy for their ills and discontent. Therefore the Eight Inquisitors sit in the pale Colonial room of City Hall, New York, in a dignified semicircle, hedged off from the awed spectators. To the left is a high-backed chair wherein Big Money sitting uneasily, is put to the question, Look at the Inquisitors.

#### Big Men Don't Abash Walsh

In the centre sits the chief. He is Frank P. Walsh, an Irish-faced man of 40, with red hair and a free Western manner, a lawyer. It is a plain and evident matter that he has a heart. Little indignations quiver in his voice when he speaks of the Poor Man who has been mutilated in the mills of toil. Withal the Rich Mar does not abash him. You may picture him lolling back in his big chair, his hands clasped at the back of his head, his elbows pointing north and south, a smile on his shrewd, kindly Irish face, as he glowers shortsightedly through his glases at the Rich Man. At his left sits a gray, alert old man of toll, Lennon, the treasurer of the American Federation of Labor. He eyes the Rich Men warily as they come and go and keeps-it may be habit and not a precaution-a tight grip on his watch chain

Next to the laborer member sits Mrs. Harriman, the only woman on the commission. She is dressed in widow's weeds. The hat is curious and amazingly effective. It is flat and angular and the crepe falls in straight lines down either side of the face. You have seen something of the kind in old Venetian pictures, and indeed it is to a medieval picture that the beautiful, clear eyed, patrician face rightly belongs. To her right sits Mr. Weinstock, a California merchant. He is in a revolving chair, so that he can turn his back on the lady and look out of the window or turn his back on the window and talk cheerily to the lady; thus hour after hour he

swings between the two like a pendulum. Round to the chairman's left are four commissioners: O'Connell, a grizzled and drowsy looking (but that is only his way) man of labor; Ballard, a Kentucky manufacturer, a gray and steady man, who sat hour after hour, his chin in his hand, pondering; Garretson, an old conductor with a fine bony head, rimmed with gray hair, who studied the Rich Man with cold, unblinking eyes; and last of all Professor Commons, of the University of Wisconsin, who is expected to write the report of the commission. Him you may picture as a small dark man, wholly alive, spectacled, as every self-respecting profegsor should be, with a strong, eccentric face

made fine by habits of thought. These, then, are the Inquisitors.

### Mother Jones

They face a dark, crowded, silent audience that fills the pink curtained room. Doubtless many there are eminent. You need only look at that obscurely celebrated old woman, Mother Jones, of Colorado. She is dressed in the decency of black serge, with white lace at the throat, and is altogether a radiant and winsome heroine-even the Rich Man looks upon her without disapprobation,

And what have they done? What does a commission with a pompous

title usually do? They have talked. Day after day, leaning in his chair-his elbows squared over his head-Chairman Walsh has asked questions. So doing he has done (as he would say) his "juty." The chairman was very fond of that word, and said a great deal about the Juty of Capital and the Juty of Democracy and other solemn Juties. At first the Rich Men who were put to the question took refuge in pragmatism. Mr. Schiff and Mr. Guggenheim had theories, based largely on the German system of doing

Mr. Ford, who manufactures automobiles, I think, was anything but pragmatic. He fired a shot that-with the less momentous one fired at Lexington-has rung round the world. He made one of those amazing statements that make men sit up and thinkmake them stand up and cheer. I do not believe there is a newspaper in the world. East or West, that has not printed his declaration that he could (and given the chance would) take every prisoner in Sing Sing and employ him profitably at a good wage in his factories. It knocked the wind out of the criminologists. It set the reformers thinking. It made the rigid old crime hunters gasp. And perhaps there was in it the germ of a new and rational treatment of the convicts of our thousand prisons and jails. That may be; but one thing is sure, if Mr. Ford is not careful he will get himself talked aboutand his automobile factory, too. All this was skirmishing.

### A Man You Can't Define

The real battle was fought when Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., was called to the stand. You have heard of Fabius-Mr. Rockefeller is a great general along Fabian lines. Withal his is an interesting personality-a most coriously interesting personality. I do not think I have ever studied a mun of whom it is harder to say "He is this" or "He is that." There are no angles that define him. You are looking at a cool, smooth surface. He far as the physical man goes the chief note is one of inconspicuousness. He is one of those men you never remember having seen, because you have men a thousand just such men. He is neither tall nor shoet, pur about nor thin. He is normal. He is the aver-

age man. He has a longish, down drooping face, with dark, serene eyes; his hair is brown-and when you have said that you have said everything. There is nothing more. Mr. Rockefeller is inconspicuous-not in a mysterious way-but simply, just as the lamp post is, because it is one among many thousands. On this youngish man of 40 there are no signs of the stress and sag of an incredible huge fortune and staggering responsibilities. He took his place in the tall-backed chair just in front of the grim portrait of old Zachary Taylor and spread out his papers on the desk. And there he was -a calm, pleasant man in brown tweeds and

bar and dot shirt who kept a wary eye on the Inquisitor and waited. And the Chief Inquisitor went at him,

#### Such a Duel of Wits

It was evident that Mr. Walsh was a keen and expert cross-examiner; it was evident that he was theroughly familiar with the dark and tragic labor wars in Colorado and with the Rockefeller Foundation and with all the multiple Rockefeller affairs; it was evident that his heart was in his work.

He thrust and hacked and hawed, he coaxed and cooed in his Irish voice; he doubled and turned and twisted; he tried irony and elaborate politeness; he affected wearlness and incredulity; and nothing happened, Always in front of him was the cool smooth urface of a politeness blander than his owna deadily defense that he could not pierce. It was an astounding thing. I have seen many great men-glants-face an inquisition in court or in Parliament; but I have never seen so calm and deft and triumphant a witness as J. D. Rockefeller, Jr. It was not an intellectual exhibition. There was nothing intellectual about it. What was in it was something rarer and subtler and more indescribable. You might think of it in terms of sword play, but there was no apparent effort -no flash-no clank of steel. I think Mr. Walsh's feeling must have been that of a man without hands in front of a locked door. He couldn't get in.

It was not that Mr. Rockefeller refused to answer. He answered every question with grave politeness, with ample explanations, with politely worded qualifications, with an evident care to answer with scruplous exactitude; only, when he was done you suddenly realized that he had left the matter exactly where it was when the question was put. He was so entirely master of himself that he was inevitably the master of the commission. Now it is not an easy thing to face for days a skilled and earnest cross-examiner, to answer him fully, elaborately, with unfailing readiness, and yet never for one moment to say anything but what one has determined to

I have never seen it done before, And therefore I say that behind the cool, smooth surface of that Rich Man-that youngish man who has raised inconspicuousness to an art-there must be a strange kind of power, I do not know what it is. It may be Willand a trained Will is a formidable thing.

### What Will Come of It?

And what does an inquisition of this sort amount to? What will Professor Commons put in his scholarly report?

There has been a lot of abstract talk about the psychology of labor, benevolent absolutism and uplift; there have been certain sad concrete facts about the deeply intrenched lives of certain miners; there have been dis quieting discussions about huge, overtoppling fortunes that are (an Irish voice intimates) trying to buttress themselves up on charity foundations; but talk of this sort has never changed anything. Reports to Congress do not usually work miracles.

Yet I do not think the inquisitors have wasted their days. You may remember a statement, which is possibly historical: "Now there were two men in one city; the one rich, the other poor," The United States Commission on Industrial Relations has brought those two men face to face; out of the wary eye-searching good may come.

And one thing more. I have discovered-I give you my proud word for it-the original

It is J. D. Rockefeller, Jr.

### LIFE

Forencen and afternoon and night-Forencen, And afternoon, and night-Forencen, and what!

The stupiy some repeats itself. No more? Ten, that is hife; make this furancon subline. This afternoon a peaker, this night a prayer, And Time is computed, and thy course in web.

## PANCHO VILLA IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DIAZ

moun

Mixed Qualities in the Character of the Famous Ex-Bandit, Who Figures Anew as the Man of Destiny in Muddled Mexico.

Pancho VILLA, who on several occasions maintained that he would rather be right than President of Mexico, is at last President-in the guise of a dictatorship. In his life he has played many parts. Fugitive, bandit, leader of a cause, warrior, dictatorthe annals are briefly told. Less than two years ago, the story runs, he slipped out of El Paso on a borrowed horse, with a revolver in his belt and seven dollars and a half in

HERE'S HOPING

PUBLIC NDIGNATION POWDER

"Will he ever slt in the presidential chair?" was the question of 1914. There is yet no answer, but he is still the big figure in Muddled Mexico, still hailed by not a few of its people as "the man of the hour." Strange things have happened below the Rio Grande, as those who are familiar with the history of Porfirio Diaz know; and stranger things may yet happen. Villa is following the path that Diaz trod-how far therein will he go?

### The Robin Hood of Mexico

His admirers claim that in his bandit days he robbed the rich to divide the spoils with the noor. Thus he appears in the character of Robin Hood. Tales like this are uncertainties, but Pancho Villa must have done something, it seems, to have won the devotion given him so freely even before he rode out on a borrowed horse for the invasion of Mexico. They who have seen him at his present work testify that he inspires as no other man in that much inspired country.

He is described as stockily built and of medium height, with the chest and shoulders of a prize-fighter and with a head that is really "bullet-shaped." Receding from the back of the neck and from the jaw it tapers upward in the most extraordinary fashion. His head is covered with black hair as crisp and curly as a negro's; his skin is the color of a well-smoked meerschaum; a small black mustache serves to hide a mouth that is cruel even when it is smiling. The most attractive feature of the face is the eyes, which are large and brilliant and piercing. But a reporter who saw them blazing at Torreon describes them as "the eyes of a man who will some day go crazy."

### Love and Fear and Power

It has been said that if he has any religion at all it is the religion of demanding absolute obedience from his officers and men. But in return for this obedience he gives them always and everywhere the best attention and care possible, and his generosity to the hosts of poor people who come to him for help has been many times reported. He has the two characteristics necessary to a Mexican leader. Not only does he instil in his followers fear of disloyalty, but he makes them believe in his sincerity. He acts the part of a real friend on the battlefield or off. When his orders are disobeyed he does not reason with those at fault-he shoots them or locks them up.

"Diaz ruled with the iron hand," comments a writer who knows Mexico and the Mexicans, "but he went little among the people; he was always to most of them a man in a station above them. And he lost his grip; his subjects had only fear and little if any love for him. Madero neither inspired nor awed his men. Villa does both. He is a 'companero,' his men say-the highest tribute a Mexican can pay." Love and fear-Villa plays each against the other. Such is the secret of his power.

### He Starts a Train

At Juarez one day Villa rode over to the railway station to superintend the departure of a punitive expedition which he was rushing south. Owing to some mishap to the angine the train was late in starting. Villa, after angrily striding up and down the platform a few times, went across to his chief of transport, and jerking loose his heavy automatic, shoved the muzzle in the face of that startled official.

"If that truin isn't out of the station in five minutes," he snaried, "I'll blow your head

"But, general"-tramblingly-"Im not responsible for the delay. The engine's broken

"That doesn't concern me," said Villa coldly. "I'm not an engineer-I'm a soldier. If that train doesn't move in five minutes you'll be dead!"

You have heard-"mind over matter!" Anyhow, the train moved.

Another incident illustrates his peremptory methods. When the rebel chief entered Chihuahua in December of 1913 Villa called to him a priest, demanding the keys to a certain church property which he wanted to use for a storehouse. The priest replied that only the bishop could turn over the keys, and the bishop was not in the city. Thereupon Villa

"I hereby make you bishop. Give me the

And he got them.

Much that is ugly has been told of Francisco Villa-his commandeering of women; how he killed his best man at one of his two weddings; his arrest of wife No. 2 on 4 charge of stealing money; many stories of his feroclous temper and contempt for human life; his brutal executions of prisoners "Those that I have executed," he said a year ago, in response to the protest of an American visitor, "deserved all they got. Hereafter we shall conduct the war along more civilized

### A Man of Destiny

Out of the multitude of stories of the good and bad in this extraordinary man it is hard to find the real Villa; but in recent months, especially, he has been credited with a long advance in his personal civilization. Perhaps he must still be called a grossly uneducated man, but his ignorance is not so dense as it was a few years ago. He taught himself to read, and he has learned something of geography since the time when he said to an

"I know El Paso is not the largest town in the United States. I have heard there is larger place called Chicago. But look # this"-taking a large scale map of Mexico and placing it over a small scale map of the United States.

"Aha!" he said, "you see that your country is smaller than mine."

His contact with the educated people of his race, following his sudden rise to prome inence, has forced some amount of knowledge upon him. His advisers are educated men-His generalship and strategy are praised in the highest terms by military experts of America and Europe. Much of what is called "force of character" helps account for his remarkable career. In Mexico and elsewhere there may be found a great faith in Francisco Villa as a national reconstructions ist. At least he looms large as a maker of Mexican events.

Men who knew him before his emergence to fame, when he had only a handful of taltered horsemen at his command, say that even then he was planning to be President Whether his ambition has o'erleapt itself time will tell, but in its service he avoids the folly of Huerta. He does not drink.

### WHISKY IS A POOR PILOT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—I desire to take exception to your efftorial in today's paper headed "Whisky is a
Poor Pilot," in which you make the assertles
that the Board of Commissioners of Navigatish
have decided to revoke the licenses of Delaware
River pilots who set drunk. The question of have decided to revoke the licenses of the have decided to revoke the licenses of the filter pilots who get drunk. The question of pilots being intoxicated has not been taken to by the Board of Commissioners of Navigation by the Board of Commissioners of Navigation of the sacretary, with whom I can forred this morning, nor have the commissions:
passed any regulations concerning this question. The law of 1800 provides that about any
pliot become intexticated while in charge of a
vessel he shall for the first offense lose his bcense for the period of 12 months and for the
second offense lose his bcense for the period of 12 months and for the second offense be forever afterwards deprive of his license; therefore such action as re m the commissioners took yesterday is perfluous. I consider your editorial most to fair to a body of men consisting of 76 pilots the majority of woom do not use liquor in and form.

JOHN P. VIRDES.

President of the Pilots' Association Philadelphia, February 3, 1916. Peliadelphia, February 5, 1916.

[The Evening Lenger had no intention to be unfair to one of the most courageous being of men in the community when it comments on the recent action of the Board of On missioners of Navigation. The fact that is law penalizes drunkenness among the pilots of the general conformity of the pilots to the indicates that public optrion survatus the city indicates that the community is a possible of the community of the city of the ci